

Not Forgotten

by Speakers

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Summary: The Weasleys are your perfect family, never harmed by Voldemort. How did they escape? Or did they? This is a story of their suffering.

## 1. A Loss

Not Forgotten

By the Speakers

Chapter One: A Loss

A/N: Well, here's part one to our very dramatic story. The first, of hopefully many parts. In Book one, Hagrid says that many people lost family members and friends. What about the Weasleys? They seem like the perfect family, close and whole. What if they aren't? This is a tale of their sorrow and loss. Now, I'm sorry if we get carried away, or too dramatic! Don't hurt us! ::ducks tomatoes:: this is only the first part, after all. And, as always, please, please review!!!!

Disclaimer and Claimer: God I hate these. If I owned Harry and co., do you think We'd be writing fanfiction? I'd be rolling in dough!!! But, I don't own them I wish I did, but I don't. We do, however, own Rebecca Weasley and this plot!!! It's OURS!!!!!!! Hahahahehehe!!!!!! And Please Review!

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Molly Weasley did a head count of read heads as she headed out the door. Her oldest son Bill was starting his first year at Hogwarts next week and she needed to take him to Diagon Alley for supplies. Arthur Weasley was, as usual at work leaving her with all seven kids. However, there was no way she was taking five kids under eleven including an infant. The seven of them were almost too much for her at home.

Bill was already in the car like any other excited eleven-year-old ready for a trip to get school supplies. All Molly had to do was strap six more in, which was difficult with a child carrier on her front.

"Mom! Where's my Mad-new-frying glass?" Charlie yelled. The nine-year-old was fascinated with creatures of any kind and all he need to be preoccupied was the one beat up magnifying glass.

"On the table." Charlie found it and ran out the door. She paused for breath. "Percy! Where are you?"

"Right here mom." And it was true. Six-year-old Percy was sitting on the front stoop of the Burrow and Molly was just inside the door.

"Go get in the car." She sighed. Three down and four to go. "Fred, George! Come on!" There was no answering reply. Molly hrumphed. She went to find them and they were not where on the first floor. She was about to climb the stairs when she heard giggling behind her. She smiled at her three-year-old troublemakers. The twins were trying to sneak behind her without being seen to the car, but their giggling gave them away. Molly could only hope they would grow out of trouble making.

Molly counted again in her head. There were nowâ€¦ Five children in the car. Two more. She patted baby Ron's head. Six. Then it clicked. "Rebecca Weasley! We're going to be late!"

"I'm cumin mum." Said the two year-old. Her red baby curls were done into pig tails high on each side of her head tied with green ribbon. She was Molly's pride and joy. Her baby girl.

"Come on Becca, we have to go to Mrs. Corey's house for a little while."

"'Kay!" said Becca brightly and headed out to the car.

Molly grabbed her wand and the car keys off the table and set off for the babysitters with seven children in tow.

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Bill waited in the car while Molly turned over control of her tribe to old, gray Mrs. Corey. Hurrying she gave each child a hug and a kiss, careful not to disturb sleeping Ron who was still slung over her shoulder. She bid her brood, sans Bill and Ron, goodbye and headed to go shopping.

Mrs. Corey broke the silence. "Welcome children. Why don't you go outside in my lovely garden? I'll watch you from my window, as being outside too long can aggravate my arthritis. Now be dears and go out and play."

The children, long since taught to give muggles respect from their father, did as they were told and went outside. Percy, being sensible, sat in the shade out of the August sun and began to read a rather thick novel for a six-year-old. Charlie whipped out his spyglass and started hunting around the unfenced garden for a gnome

hole. Becca, Fred and George started playing hides and seeks, but they soon tired of that.

"Hey, Becca. Ever been out in the woods?"

"No, and neither have you." She said with a surprising intellect for a two-year-old.

"We're a year older than you. There was a time when you weren't around." Fred slyly said. There was a game afoot. A sibling game.

Together the twins looked towards the window. Mrs. Corey was asleep. They smiled at the same time and said together, "We dare you do go into the woods."

Becca wasn't stupid. She knew a monster called You-know-who was killing little wizard children in the woods. But it wouldn't be behind the woods of a muggle's house?

With another glance at Mrs. Corey to make sure she was asleep, she said, "Why should I?"

"Because you're a chicken if you don't!" Fred and George started squawking and flapping their arms.

Becca drew herself up. She wasn't one to back down to her older siblings. She hated the fact that they were stronger. And smarter. She especially hated backing down to Fred and George. And with no voice of reason around, Becca wordlessly accepted the challenge. She walked into the woods.

Fred poked George. "Why'd you tell her we've been in there?"

"Because I wanted to see her do it. She'll always do what we dare her too."

Fred nodded. For awhile there was silence. Then they heard a high scream.

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Hogwarts, Seventh year boys dorm

Fred Weasley sat bolt upright in his bed at Hogwarts. The momentum sent him tumbling to the floor with a loud crash. In the bed next to his, George sat upright with a look of pure terror on his pale face.

"Whaâ€|. Whoâ€|. I didn't mean it!" he said, shaking with fear. Fred got up and went over to his brother's bed and sat down, shaking himself.

"Did you see her? Wasn't it Ginny? Where'd she go? What happened?" He shook with silent tears as the lights flickered on. A disgruntled Lee Jordon stumbled over rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"Could you two keep it down? It's two in the morning? What's the matter anyway? You look like you've seen a ghost."

"It wasn't anything. Just a nightmare. Go back to sleep," George said quickly. He hugged his knees to him and shivered. It was all so eerily familiar, it scared him. It was like a bad song lyric, you can't remember where it came from, but you can't forget it. He looked over at his twin who looked back. They didn't speak, but the feeling was mutual. Why did they dream it up? Was it supposed to mean something?

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Somewhere in Northern Ireland

Charlie Weasley sat up in his small tent in his team's campsite in Northern Ireland. They had been tracking a band of Germanic Ridgebacks for months, and were almost up to them. But something had been keeping him awake. It seemed like a movie clip, but somehow it wasn't. He pulled his sleeping bag around him and tried to block the vision from his mind, but found it impossible. He remembered their old baby-sitter's house clearly, and how, for some reason his mother stopped taking them. Something had happened, but he couldn't remember what. Shame really, she had some very interesting plants in her yard that he had used to observe. In his dream he had seen a two-year-old Ginny, but that couldn't be right. He was only nine, and Ginny hadn't been born yet. But it had to be her. He closed his eyes and brought back the scene in his mind. It was hot and his mum had been taking Bill school shopping. He'd been looking for gnome holes, and then that scream, and then nothing. He shivered. 'It's just a dream, not real. Ginny's fine, and nothing ever happened.' He pushed his thick red hair back and laid down. But the vision kept him awake for the rest of the night until the first rays of dawn peaked through his tent flaps.

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Godrics Hollow

Warm wind swept through the open window of Percy Weasley's bachelor flat in Godrics Hollow. He sat up, pushing his glasses on his face and scratching his head. That was strange, it wasn't like him to have nightmares. He hadn't had them since he was six. And this one seemed so haunting. It was like his subconscious was trying to tell him something important, but couldn't remember all the details. But now he had begun to dream again, and not just superficial nightmares. This seemed real, but couldn't be. Even so, he remembered it as clearly as if he had really been there.

It had been muggy, and he had been smart enough to stay out of the sun. The twins were off doing something stupid, no doubt getting themselves blown up. Charlie had been looking for something, he always was. What else had happened? He remembered a scream, and that he had thought it was just one of the twins playing, but then there had been people crying, yelling, and then nothing. He couldn't remember, and not being able to remember things annoyed him. He looked around his room. Diplomas, pictures-his graduating class, his girlfriend Penelope, a family photo. He got up and walked over, taking that one down and looking at it.

It was your basic picture, for a wizard that is. He had been nine at the time. Charlie was running around showing off his new broom, and

Bill was polishing his prefect badge. He was reading a book, while the six year-old twins lit a firework and aimed it at a bird in the tree in their yard. Ron, then only five, was rolling a ball at four-year-old Ginny. Every once in a while one of them would make it float in the air, an early sign of their magical abilities. His parents were off to the side, holding hands and gazing happily at their clan. His mother gazed at Ginny, but there was a touch of sadness in her eyes. His dad put his arm around her and she smiled, looking away.

Percy hastily put the picture back. He was imagining things. It was just an ordinary picture, noting else. He walked back to bed and was asleep by the time the sun began to rise.

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Somewhere in Egypt

He had seen mutant mummies and curses that would make the ordinary man want to puke, but this was far worse than any of that. It had all started out okâ€¦

He remembered the dream like it had really happened. It was about a week before school started, and he had naturally been excited about starting Hogwarts. It would help him get away from his endless line of family. His mother had dropped everyone off at the baby-sitters, except for him and baby Ron, and they had gone to Diagon Alley to shop. It had been fun, being just him and her, Ron didn't count, and he was enjoying the peace and quiet. After shopping for all the supplies and having lunch, they were about to leave for the baby-sitters, when an official looking Ministry man had approached them. He had told his mother that there had been an accident at the sitters. She had reported hearing a scream and dialed 911. When the ambulance arrived, they had searched the woods where the twins had said she walked into, and discovered the body of a girl, his sister. The police were apt to say wild animals had done it, but one man had been married to a witch and recognized it as a victim on you-know-who, as he had read in The Daily Profit, and called the ministry. They were sorry, she was dead.

He remembered feeling like none of it was happening, and seeing his mother break down. The rest had passed in a blur. Picking up the other kids, the twins babbling about some dare, and going home.

Bill knew that was only dream. He didn't hold much stock in dreams and didn't in this one, but something about it made him feel as if a hole were forming inside of him. Why, he didn't know. He only had one sister, who at the time wasn't born.

"It's probably just those tacos you had for dinner. They're disagreeing with your stomach, and you're dreaming," he told himself quietly so as not to disturb anyone else in the bungalow he shared with his two roommates. Once he had convinced himself that it was all an illusion, he laid down, but it took him until dawn to fall back asleep.

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Hogwarts, Fifth year boys dorm

There was crying, grieving, flowers. It was like a funeral out of a horror movie, but worse. Ron could see his mother weeping into his father's arms, but couldn't do anything. His whole family was sitting in the front pew of a church, or what of his family there was at the time. He recognized the oldest as Bill, looking to be about 11. His face was frozen in a mask of disbelief. Next to him was Charlie, about 9. Charlie looked identical to Bill, but had tears running down his face. Ron couldn't believe this. His brother never cried. Charlie was always laughing and joking, not crying. On his left was a 6 year-old Percy who was openly crying, though silently. Now Ron knew it was serious. Percy had no emotion, save power, and that was only to show people that he was in charge. Next came the three year-old twins. They simply looked in wonder at their saddened family, as if they had no idea what was going on, which they probably didn't. In his mum's arms was a baby, which he assumed was him. Ron watched in horror and sadness as the group processed to the front of the room, to where the small, open coffin loomed like death itself.

Ron followed his family up, wondering who had died. All of his grandparents were alive, and neither of his parents had any brothers or sisters. As he reached the altar, he stood over the casket, his eyes widening in horror and disbelief.

Inside lay the body of a two-year-old girl. It had to be Ginny, but Ron knew that was impossible. Ginny was fine! And even if she wasn't, he was older than her, not younger. A million thoughts ran through his mind, but one stood out. Who was she?

Ron Weasley sat up in his bed, sobs choking at his throat. He had no idea what it had meant, but was overcome with grief, like he'd never felt before. He heard a rustling across from him, but ignored it until he felt the curtains around his bed pulled away. A sleep shrouded Harry stood, rubbing his eyes.

"Ron? What's the matter?" he asked, now thoroughly concerned. He hadn't seen Ron cry since he'd broken his leg, and that was different. This wasn't pain.

Ron wordlessly kept on crying, aware that the other three boys had woken up. Harry sat down and put an arm around Ron's shoulders, not prying.

"It was Ginny, but it wasn't. Sheâ€|she was dead and I was there, but I was only a baby and it was the funeral and everyone was crying, even Percy and Charlie andâ€|. Andâ€|." he babbled. Harry just sat listening. He understood what Ron felt like. He had had dreams like this, of his parents and knew the best thing to do was to let him cry.

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Hogwarts, Fourth year girls dorm

She followed the redheaded girl through the woods. It looked like her, but she knew it wasn't. For some reason, she knew exactly how the little girl felt. Right now, she was angry at her brothers for daring her.

Meanies. I make them see. I no chicken. She thought. Ginny smiled at

the queer two year-old speech. Still, she could feel the girl grow scared. It was dark in the woods, and her mind was telling her she needed to get outâ€|now.

There was a rustling behind them, and both girls whipped around to see a tall man, or it may have been woman, in a long black robe and hood twirling a wand. She shivered in fright, but was frozen to her spot, as was the girl.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here? Are you lost little girl?" the person said in a scratchy voice, like sandpaper. The girl gulped and stepped back.

"No, no, no. We can't have you running off, now can we?" the figure reached up one old, callused hand to pull back their hood and Ginny felt terror rise up in her throat, choking her. As the hood dropped back, she saw the worst sight she had ever seen. The face was chalk-white with glaring red eyes, and slits where a nose would have been, making it resemble a snake. Ginny's body shook with compulsive spasms as what could only be described as you-know-who raised his wand. She fought to get away.

The last thing she saw was the little girl opening her small mouth and turning her blue eyes to Ginny. They were filled with a terror that could never be described. And then she screamed. Ginny screamed with her, one long terror-filled howl that crescendoed to the sky.

All of Gryffindor heard it. The sound that only came from someone in pure agony and fear. Ron stopped crying as he recognized it. In a split second, he was out the door and sprinting towards the girl's dorms. He heard doors open and people talk, and recognized his brothers following him, they too, knowing who it was.

He opened the door to Ginny's dorm and saw Hermione comforting a hysterical Ginny. She looked up as he entered and shook Ginny, who looked up to see her three brothers in the doorway. She detached herself from Hermione and flung herself at Ron, holding onto him as if her life depended on it, sobbing. The four of them held on, each knowing the feelings the other was experiencing. They sat, vaguely registering the whispers of the other students, but not caring in the least, until they heard McGonagall and Dumbledore enter shortly after.

## 2. Half-Truths

Not Forgotten

>The Speakers<br>Part two: half-truths

><br>The dramatics in Gryffindor tower were astounding. All of the Weasley children were hugging a hysterical Ginny who, by screaming, woke the entire dormitory. And they weren't just there for her comfort; Ginny was hugging Ron, George and Fred who all seemed very ashen. All the students were wondering why this was happening, and they wanted answers. But answers would have to wait. Professor McGonagall heard the commotion and started doing what she did best: shoeing people off to bed.

><br>"Nothing to see here, back to your bedsâ€| Boys! You shouldn't even be on this side of the tower! Come onâ€| out. I said OUT!"

><br>With much grumbling the crowd of no-longer-sleepy Gryffindors headed back to their respective dorms. The Weasleys weren't moving. Ginny was still sobbing, Ron had tears trickling down his cheeks and Fred and George were visibly distressed. They were all in their own little world of uncertainty and slowly they were using each other's presence and unique strengths to understand. They were jerked out of their reprieve by a certain headmaster who wanted to speak with them.

><br>"Will you come with me?" said Dumbledore.

><br>The siblings talked with their eyes and came to the silent conclusion that they had to go. They need to tell someone who could understand, someone who would help them. Ron wiped Ginny's eyes as they got up.

><br>"Are you okay?" he asked.

><br>"No," she smiled although tears were running down her face. "But I'll survive."

><br>Ron hugged her, and led her by her wrists to follow Dumbledore.

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><br>Something was wrong. He usually never dreamed, the product of having very little imagination to speak of. Yet night after night, the same nightmare haunted him. It was always the same. The yard, the scream, and thenâ€¦ nothing. Dull yet eerie.

><br>"I'm going crazy," Percy told himself firmly. Nothing ever happened. He couldn't even remember any yard like that, and his memory was perfect. And even if he had, the little girl was clearly a product of what little imagination he had. He only had one sister, one who at the time he was six hadn't been born yet. He would definitely have known if he had more than one sister. Stillâ€¦ it unsettled him in a way the things usually didn't. He didn't like not knowing what things meant.

><br>"Maybe you're just crazy," he told himself sternly. If you go home, you'll see that everything's fine, which it is, and you'll stop having these crazy dreams." That determined, he set about preparing for work, determined to take time off from his busy schedule to go home for Christmas. Not that he had any reason. Of course not. He just felt like it, that's all.

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><br>After settling into the headmasters office; which was rather difficult, as Ginny refused to detach herself from Ron's pajamas, Professor Dumbledore took a seat in front of the four with a soft, comforting smile in his wrinkled face.

><br>"It seems there was quite a stir back there, wasn't there?" he asked kindly. Ginny merely sniffled into Ron's shirt and Fred and George exchanged glances.

> <br>"Might I ask what this was all about?" he continued, pressing for explanation.

><br>Fred looked up, distressed and pale. "It was Ginny, but it wasn't. She walked off, and thenâ€¦." He trailed off.

><br>"And the funeralâ€¦ all those peopleâ€¦ she was dead. But it couldn't have been herâ€¦" Ron continued, shaking his head and hugging his sister. Ginny gave out a strangled sob, burying her face.

><br>"Ah, I see," Dumbledore said; though it appeared as if he had no more of an idea than they did. "Spirits often try to contact the living in familiar forms, though this puzzles Me.." His face creased in concentration lines.

><br>Ginny looked up, her face streaked with tears. "Sheâ€¦. She looked at me. Right at me andâ€¦ and. and screamed! It wasâ€¦ him. He just killed her! Right there!" she burst out in sobs as realization



dawned on the old mans face.

><br>"Oh dear," he said with a combination of sorrow and resignation. "Why don't you four go back and gets some sleep. I will excuse you from all classes tomorrow. I need to write a letterâ€¦" He trailed off and picked up a quill. They took this as a sign that they could leave and slowly slipped out. Upon reaching the Gryffindor tower, they opted to settle in the common room rather than their respective dorms for what appeared to be a long night.

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><br>She couldn't get to her. All the people in grays and blacks were milling about, some just standing there. Becca was going to be hurt. Molly looked up at the yellow sky. She might be hurt already! She had to get to her. Molly was running, or at least trying to. The statues in black and gray started to grab at her. And scratch at her. Trying to keep her from her baby girl.

><br>Molly screamed at the top of her lungs. She creatures (she didn't think of them as human; they were keeping her from her baby) backed away at her wrathful scream. Molly paused, surprised by their change in demeanor. Then she took her chance and ran as fast as her legs could carry her. Slowly the crowds of people changed to crowds of trees. Molly kept running. She was near here. Maybe she could save her this time. Maybeâ€¦

><br>Molly suddenly came to a clearing. She stopped on the edge. It was eerily quiet. Suddenly there was rustling in the underbrush. Molly looked around and cried out when she saw what was making the noise. It was Becca. Bloody, scratched, and suffering Becca. She was crawling towards her mother, looking sinisterly at her.

><br>Becca's voice was raspy while she said the words that Molly was sure she felt. "You left me alone." Molly gulped as tears ran down her face. "You abandoned me, you left me to die. It's all your fault."

><br>Becca reached out to her mother. "Help meâ€¦ don't forget me!"

><br>Molly woke with a start, tears on her face. "That dream," she whispered, "always gets me." She was now too awake to sleep again. Not disturbing Arthur who had come in late last night, she padded down the stairs in her socks to magically make coffee. She opened the window above the sink letting the cool air come into the kitchen.

><br>A sinking feeling came over her. This was something she had developed over the years. If something was wrong with her children, this happened. The dream, the sinking feeling, and then she got the warning, or even worse, the notice. The last thing she wanted to see came towards her. It was an owl.

><br>"Oh, my great wizards." She was afraid. What had happened to her children now? The caramel colored owl came and landed on the table. It preened it's self for a moment and then flew off. Molly's hand was shaking. What had happened to her babies? She reached for the letter and quickly tore it open, hating the suspense. Contained in the letter was this note.

><br>Molly,

><br>Last night, there seemed to be a bit of a problem concerning your four children. It seems that each had ratherâ€¦distressing and vivid dreams. Ginny was clearly distressed, though I could not seem to get a clear description out of her. It also seems that each of your three sons also had a rather disturbing dream, each concerning a certain family member who may be in contact. It seems to me that it would be wise to have them come home for the winter holidays.

><br>Albus Dumbledore

><br>She set the letter in her lap and pressed the heels of her palms into her eyes. 'Family member who may be in contact.' The line kept running through her head. "Becca." she murmured under her breath. "They didn't do anything to you. Leave them alone. \*I\* was the one who left you with an inept muggle. They don't remember you. They don't know..."

><br>BA-BAM! A loud noise shattered the silence in the house. Molly forgot about her self-pity and yelled. "Ghoul! We never have any peace and quiet in this house. NEVER! Don't do it again or I'll..." BA-BAM!

><br>"That's it. " She screamed. "I'm coming up there!"

><br>Her pounding footsteps were echoed by the BA-BAM of a heavy object being dropped on the attic floor. She ran up the final flight of stairs and practically tore down the door to the attic. The ghoul had picked up a large wooden trunk. She took in a breath, not wanting to see it hit the ground. The ghoul cackled and fall the trunk did. The sides were splitting open, it's contents revealed through the new vents. It was baby stuff, mostly blue, a little pink, from the children. Cherished stuff. Things that mothers don't want damaged. And so Molly went into another rage.

><br>"We give you pipes and chains!" she screamed. "Those are for you to make noise with! All we ask is that you leave our trunks and boxes alone! All we ask!" She whipped out her wand, muttered an incantation and sent the ghoul to the farthest corner of the attic.

><br>Slowly she turned to look at the damage to the trunk. She sighed. It wasn't unfixable. The trunk was easy to repair, but nothing could be in it when she used the charm. Besides, she wanted to make sure nothing was broken. Molly unlocked the trunk, and carefully lifted out the layers.

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><br>He sat, staring at the small portrait in his hands. It was like any other, but for some odd reason, something seemed to be missing; though he couldn't figure out what for the life of him. Sighing, he set the picture back down on his small dresser.

><br>Bill paced his small room worriedly, trying to figure out some way to tell the head of his Gringotts project that he needed to go home just as they were about to break through some of the hardest spells they had ever encountered.

><br>"Running home to mom, Bill?" he whispered to himself. "One little nightmare and you're running back home like a little boy. You're 25, not 10. Get a grip!" All the same, he decided that in the morning he'd ask for a small vacation for the winter holidays, just to check up on the family. After all, he hadn't seen his brothers or sister in, well, years it seemed. And it probably was. He usually lost track of time while on the job; it was very time consuming.

>"I guess I'll have to tell him some time or another," he said resignedly. "I need to go home, but don't ask me why." He sighed and set about preparing what he was going to say the next day when he asked for leave. <br>

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>The trunk was packed strangely. Molly realized that immediately. She thought nothing of it as she walked down memory lane. On top was Bill's stuff. His pacifier, his baby blanket, a lock of his hair, a few of his more treasured toys, his first wand. All of those childish affects. Under that were Charlie's things. His toy broom being the most defining thing there. Beneath of Charlie's things were Percy's. Percy was always a smart one, and his mother's keepsake was the first

book he had read; Boo goes the Bogart, when he was four. The next layer was a layer of twos. Two pacifiers, two blankets two stuffed bugs. They were all the twin's things. The layer beneath the doubled one was significantly smaller. It was Ron's and he had gotten most of the hand-me-downs. His teddy bear was there, though. The one that Fred and George had turned into a spider. She laughed at that and smiled at the next part. It was all in pink. It was Ginny's. Her teddy bears her toys. Girl toys. Stuff that got sent away after. She took that out and got ready to do a restoration charm when she realized there was more in the box.<br>

>A pink blanket, a rattle, hair ribbons. A birth certificate and a death certificate. All from Becca. All from her. Her most treasured toy was there. The toy she took everywhere with her. It was lying nestled in folded blanket. It was a sock monkey. It was worn, ripped and faded. Molly could close her eyes and see her hugging it on the morning of her first Christmas. Molly reached out for it. That was all that anyone had left of her, besides Molly. Molly had the memories, the pain, guilt. Arthur had the memories too, but he wasn't her mother. He didn't understand her grief. Molly's hands grabbed the monkey and hugged it close to her pretending it was Becca. Then she closed her eyes and just remembered. <br>

>Bill was holding Ron, which was a good thing. Molly was limp with sobs. It was all she could do to stay standing, even in Arthur's strong grip. If Becca's grave had been a pyre, Molly would have thrown herself on it. <br>

>"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Rebecca's body has returned to the earth from which she came."<br>

>She didn't come from dust she came from me. I gave birth to her, I nurtured her, and I let her die. Her sobs came harder now.<br>

>"Though she was young, her mission on this world had been completed, she was free to go to her Heavenly Father."<br>

>Her only father is on \*this\* world. Arthur is her only father. No God would let her die. "My baby." She whispered to no one. <br>

>"We now commit her body to the earth, until the day that Christ comes and resurrects us all." They lowered the small white coffin into the earth and the people started to leave. As soon as the crowd had dissipated some Molly let it all come out. Her wails of pure grief pierced the air and she sank she was sitting on the ground. George and Fred came up and hugged her, trying to soothe her. She stopped wailing only to scream. <br>

>"It's your fault! You sent her into the woods! If you hadn't come up with that hair-brained scheme of yours she wouldn't be six feet under!" she was screaming out of grief. The twins shied away. <br>

>She turned on her heel and she came to Percy. "You! You're the smart 'responsible' one! You didn't stop them from daring her! She wouldn't be doing a statue impression if you had stopped them!" Percy burst into tears. The day had been too much for him. <br>

>Charlie came up to hug Percy. He felt sorry for him. "You too Charlie!" she still screamed. "You were supposed to watch them!" All the remaining mourners were watching this out burst. "She was 50 yards away from you! Those gnomes were more important," she said in a taunting voice, "And now Becca is on the farming property in the sky!"<br>

>She was on a roll now, not stopping for provocation. She turned on Bill. "You!" she said menacingly. "You made me leave her! You were the whole reason she has 'gone to a better place'!" <br>

>She turned looking for another person to blame, but only came to





sooner, so he went down stairs to some possible pancakes on his day off.

He took a deep breath as he came down the steps and didn't smell anything. 'Odd' he thought. There was coffee though, and that was the important thing. But, no Molly. He looked around sleepily for her in his early morning pattern. He didn't find her anywhere, but there was a letter on the table from Dumbledore.

'Oh, shit.' He thought. He knew what the letter was talking about, he knew about her dreams, he knew that the memory charm was weighing on her.

When Molly was remembering Becca, she was usually loud. She sometimes made lots of noise cooking, or lots of noise cleaning. She hadn't been cooking. The lack of pancakes proved that. She could be cleaning though. But as she wasn't in the kitchen, not there. He took a swig of his coffee and set off looking for her.

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Charlie Weasley dragged his kit bag out from under his cot set up in his tent. He'd finally decided where he was going, which was pretty helpful. He was going home for the holidays, which in and of itself was strange. He, his brothers and his sister rarely spent the holidays at home, much less the shorter ones such as Christmas. Aside from that, he had taken his paid leave that previous summer to visit Bill in Egypt. He stood up and stretched out the kinks in his back from bending over so long. He shuddered as he remembered the conversation between him and his group leader that morning.

"Umm, Roger? Charlie here". He had said, poking his head into his boss' tent. The latter looked up from his maps briefly, then back down.

"Yeah? What is it?"

"I was wondering if I could take a little vacation, to go home for a little while"

"Why all of a sudden?"

"Well, I haven't seen the family," not to mention I've been having nightmares like a little boy, he thought, "And it's almost Becca's birthdayâ€|"

"Who's Becca?" Roger had asked, confused.

"Who?"

"Becca, that girl you mentioned, who is she? I didn't know you had two sisters."

"I don't. I don't know who she is actually," he had replied, rubbing his head in confusion.

"Maybe you should go home. You can leave in a few days," Roger said, shaking his head and looking at him strangely. Charlie walked out of the tent, still confused.

Charlie now stood in his own tent, wondering why he'd mentioned that girl. He didn't know anyone named Becca. And Ginny was his only sister. Shaking his head, he grabbed a piece of parchment and a quill to tell his mother he was coming home for the holidays. After sending it out with the camp owl post, he began to pack.

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As her father had done, Ginny sat up yawning. She was in her bed again, although she remembered falling asleep in the common room. She shrugged it off. She knew that strange things were happening, some things that she couldn't explain at the moment and didn't want explained at all. Time was of the essence on this Saturday; there was a Quiditch match. So Ginny got out of bed and headed to the showers.

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Percy rolled over in his bed, proceeding to roll off the bed into a heap of blankets on the floor. After a few minutes of struggling, he managed to untangle himself and stand up. Memories of his old dream floated back and stuck in his stomach like bad Mexican food. There was that girl—he tried to ignore it now. Looking at his clock, he saw that it was just before he'd normally get up, so he went to take a shower.

Half an hour later, he was eating breakfast and going over his agenda. The light dustings of snow on the ground outside reminded him that the winter holidays were coming up. He had originally planned to stay and get some work done, but in light of recent events—. His plans had changed. He set down the Daily Prophet and walked out of the kitchen. It had been about year since he'd seen the family, even longer for his two older brothers. Maybe he should go. He did have the week off from work. It'd be a shame not to take advantage of one of his few vacations. He tried to ignore the nagging feeling that he was only going home because of a few bad dreams. Sighing resolutely, he went off to start a letter to his parents telling them of his plans, and make the arrangements for his departure and arrival.

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He found her. She was kneeling over the trunk he had packed so many years before. Arthur had packed it so she wouldn't do just what she was. Sobbing. He stealthy crossed the attic and sat next to her. He cursed the creaking floorboard as he leaned to hug her, but she didn't hear. His arms went around her in a comforting gesture and slowly her sobs subsided. She looked up at him and seemed surprised that he was there.

"I had the dream last night." She said. There was no need for explanation; they both knew what she was talking about. "And now Fred and George and Ron and Ginny are having the dreams too. They didn't \*do\* anything. Especially not Ginny. Especially not her."

"Are you sure?"

"Why are you so oblivious in the morning? Of course I'm sure. They wouldn't have sent a note home if they didn't cause a ruckus and complain."

"Ah, I see. Are you sure it's Becca? There could be other spirits, other ones to contact our children."

"Don't be so daft. Of course it's Becca. Who else could it be?" Her cheeks were saturated and the liquid just moved when she wiped her eyes.

"I'm sure that's not it."

"You were sure when we put the memory charm on too. Look at the trouble that caused."

"What trouble?"

"You know what I mean. And don't deny it either. I think we should tell them. I think we should tell them exactly what happened, what we did and why."

"We wiped their memories in the first place so that they wouldn't be traumatized. Why should we go back on that?"

"Because. I think that at this point it's hurting more than helping. I'm going to go write a letter to tell them they're coming home over the holidays."

Arthur was resigned. He knew in his heart that with the dreams they were having they would need to know sooner than later. He sighed. It was too early in the morning to be arguing without a cup of coffee.

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By the time Ginny slipped into her normal seat between Ron and George at the breakfast table, she was almost late. The owls were just flying into the Great Hall to deliver mail. The Weasleys didn't often get mail because Errol was old, so they weren't expecting anything. But get something they did.

He flew over to the row of Weasleys heading in the general direction of Ron, but landed short and ended up in a large jug of orange juice. Errol managed to throw the letter clear. Clear into Ginny's oatmeal. Using her thumb and forefinger she fished it out and handed it to Ron.

\_ Children, \_ It said.

\_ I miss you all terribly. So terribly I'm making the irrefutable request that you come home this holiday. Write to your mum, I miss you. It's not right to keep me in the dark about things. And I have blackmail. Pictures of the twins with their blankies? Sent to the Slytherins? How about that? \_

\_ Mum \_

"Oh no!"

"Not the- -"

"Snugglemuffins!"



This outburst was in typical twin fashion, one person starting the thought, the other adding and then completing it together. Said typically, it was received typically, with a round of laughter.

"What's a snugglemuffin?" Harry asked through laughs.

"We all had our comfort objects. Ours were our blankets. Also called the 'snugglemuffins'. Don't say anything about it." Fred whispered.

"It's all very hush-hush" George completed and gestured.

"No it ain't!" proclaimed Ron. "I had a bear that they" he shuddered, "Turned into a spider. They had blankets, and Ginny had a rag doll."

"Don't forget." Said Fred

"Oh, yes. Becca had a sock monkey." Continued George.

Ginny stiffened at the name, but no one noticed. Harry asked, "Who's Becca?"

Fred went back and thought on it. "Don't rightly know. Who is she George?"

"I don't know either."

"Don't worry about it. We have a Quidditch match and we have to go." Harry got up and led the way.

Ginny put her head down on the table, basically acting suspicious.

"What wrong?" said Ron.

"Remember who?" said Hermione, still at the table across from Ginny.

"Becca." She said shortly.

"Who?" said Ron.

Ginny's head snapped up and she glared daggers at her brother. "Where were you last night? When I told you my dream?"

"You never said anything about a name." Said Hermione sensibly.

"Maybe I didn't." she said scornfully. "But the dead are supposed to be remembered."

"What's her name? That would help us remember."

"Rebecca Weasley, currently not a sixth year."

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Sighing, Bill looked around his bungalow making sure everything was packed. He was going home for the Holidays. No other reason than he missed the English Christmas where it actually got \_ cold. \_ The fact that he was afraid to go to sleep had nothing to do with it. Nothing at all.

Seeing that he was totally packed, but still feeling that he was forgetting something, He zippered up his duffel bag full of presents and clothes. He shrank it, made it lighter and walked outside to mount his broom. It would take about two days to get home, So he should be greeting his family on Monday. But what was he forgetting?

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"And they're off!" commented Lee Jordan as the Gryffindor and Ravenclaw teams ascended into the air.

Ginny was there; sandwiched between Hermione and Ron who were being protective of her after the display at breakfast. Lost in her thoughts, wondering who Becca really was, and what her 'sister' wanted with her. Could it be something bad? Was she dying? She shuddered at the last thought. The Chamber of Secrets was as close to death as she ever wanted to get again. And being lost in her thoughts, she was totally confused and caught unawares when the crowd started screaming and standing up.

Harry had caught the snitch. The game was over and Gryffindor had won.

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Charlie got on the train in Northern Ireland to come home. The particular train he was on was a muggle one, but that wasn't going to stop him. His father's ramblings about how ingenious muggles were and his lectures on how various things worked were actually good for something. He'd be in Kings Cross on Monday. Just three days before Christmas.

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"Alright, off to bed with you. We're going home tomorrow and we need lots of sleep." It was a day and a night after the stunning Quidditch victory for Gryffindor, a Sunday, and the Hogwarts Express was leaving in the morning.

"Yes, mother hen. I'll go right to bed and sleep like a good chicky," said Ginny smartly. Ron laughed and ruffled her hair.

"And no bad dreams either." said Harry.

"Please!" pleaded Hermione. "I want some decent sleep tonight too."

"Okay." Ginny sighed. "No bad dreams, only good ones. Now, like a good spring hen, I am going to bed. "

She turned on her heel and Ron fainted a kick to her behind.

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Ginny was once more in the world of muted colors. It was the place where her sister had brought her. "Ah, hell." Ginny said as she sat with a thump and put her head in her hands.

"Must I keep telling you? We're not \*in\* hell."

Ginny sighed and looked up. "I know that. Why am I here now?"

"I figured you'd have some questions."

"Darn straight." she looked into Becca's washed blue eyes. "What happened to you?"

"Voldemort killed me. In the woods. Behind my babysitter's house."

"I guess what I meant was... If you hadn't died... I was wondering. What would our life have been if you had lived?"

Becca sighed and put her hands on her hips. "You go straight for the hard questions, don't you?" she sighed again. "I so wanted to spend some time getting to know you sis. Pesky questions. I can't answer that, so remember this:

My eternity

gave you time

Your time

stops eternities.

Eternity is easily given

for other's time."

"I don't understand."

"You will in time. Remember!" Becca smiled. She started to fade as she skipped away chanting the riddle as if it was the funniest thing in the world.

—

\_"My eternity

gave you time.

Your time

stops eternity.

Eternity is easily

—

\_ given for others' time"\_

Ginny left the sun-bleached place and returned to her sleeping self. She turned over, and fell into a dreamless sleep.

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A/N: Sorry for taking so long. As you may know, with the end of the year coming we both have had many finals. These in turn have fried our brains to useless mounds of pulp not suitable for writing. But we're better now! Well, not really, but at least we can write. This is Sierra, signing off.

Virgo: Isn't she great folks? Let's give her a hand!

(Crickets chirping can be heard)

Virgo: Ummâ€¦ok! Now, onto the disclaimer. As you know, Becca is OURS!!!!!! Not yours, ours! Everyone else is property of the illustrious J. K. Rowling. You didn't really think we owned them, did you? If we did, we sure as hell wouldn't be writing fanfiction!

Sierra: I'd be wallowing in money right now.

Virgo: As would I. Well, ta ta for now!

Sierra: See ya!

End  
file.